
Title: Origins of Aragothias

Author: Lord Aragothias

Satih Ogara

Compiled by the Corps of
Kortia.

*In your hands you hold
an Ancient Tome, written
in blood and bound in the
scales of a dragon*

Scribes Note: Let it be
known that this shall be
the only true record of
Satih Ogara, the one
later to be known as
Lord Aragothias. By
crusade of the Corps of
Kortia all mention of this
dreaded being shall be
purged, his deeds, his
flesh, his very name shall
be washed away from the
land... forever.

+ + +

It is said both great and
terrible men have one
thing in common, simple
origins. A common
starting place that their
life is most unexpectedly
uncommon. The same holds
true here, in the torrid
history of Satih Ogara.

In the time before Kings
there was born a son to
a wilderness woodcutter,
a family name was given
to him, and he was called
Satih. In those dark and
chaotic times there
roamed an intelligent race
of Dragons. These
Dragonkin protected and
taught the budding race
of men in their small

corner of Sosaria. The
kindgoms of men were
not yet built, and the
Lorded Council of the
Dragonkin ruled both the
skies and the land.

Among these intelligent
dragons was a youthfull
drake, he was called
Tharen. Satih and Tharen
grew to be close friends,
despite their differences
the two were inseparable.
For years the two
adventured the lands in
the far north of what
would later be called
Britannia...

In what is estimated to
be Satih's 12th summer,
an order came down from
the Council of Dragonkin,
there was a prophesy
which named Satih as the
catalyst which would begin
the downfall of Dragonkin.
Satih was to be killed,
and Tharen was ordered
to assassinate him.

Tharen lured the young
Satih to the great
Waterfall and lunged upon
him tearing open the boys
chest. Certain the deed
was done the youthfull
dragon tossed the
seemingly lifeless body of
Satih Ogara onto the
rocks below the cascade.

Yet the waters of the
world were still alive with
the powers of creation
and thus from the great
falls, the boy was made
whole again...

The boy washed far down
the river and eventually
was found by farmer who
had a daughter named
Hannah; and for a time
Satih was raised as
Hannah's brother. The
two quickly fell in love,

as the young do, much to the displeasure of Hannah's family... there came a day when the farmer heard a familiar name mentioned at market, that of Satih and finally having a way of ridding himself of the boy... Hannah's father sprung into action, and detailed his plan of killing the boy himself to his family, the daughter would not have it but eventually bowed to the will of her father, it was decided that the next morning the deed would be done and the lifeless body would be taken to the Dragonkin to gain favor and reward... It is most unfortunate that the boy was hidden nearby... for in the night Satih Ogora murdered the lot of them in their sleep with a hatchet, after which the boy disappeared into the forest.

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A decade later there sprung rumors of a great army in the mountains, the harsh actions of the Dragonkin had planted a seed of distrust within men and many flocked to the banner of a Great Lord named Aragothias. Stories were widely told and exajurated of the Great Aragothias, determined to carve a place for humanity out of the Kingdom of Dragons.

The Armies of men kept the influence of Dragonkin away from the Keep being built atop the mountains which would later be called Covetous... an ill fated peace was born, and the Dragonkin sought

to contain this threat to
their power, and humanity
flourished within the
borders of the small
kingdom. With time the
strained peace was broken
between Humanity and
Dragonkin and a great
war began, into the
Destard Mountains
Aragothias led his armies
and cut the heart from
the chest of every
dragon within the cave. It
seemed that Man had won
the day and the Dragons
were no more... and to
the Keep Aragothias and
his armies went to
celebrate, with ale, wine,
women and sex the troop
hardly noticed when the
keep began to shake and
crumble. By the time the
chanting of the spell
reached the throne of
Aragothias it was too
late.

Outside was the Great
Ancient Dragon Kortia and
the remaining Dragonkin
chanting... "In Vas Por"
and the very mountains
consumed the Keep of
Aragothias... Sealing them
entire within the
mountains... a tomb of
stone.

+ + +

Within the tomb
Aragothias and his people
were in total darkness
and food stores quickly
spoiled. In the darkness
humanity quickly gave way
to desperation as
Aragothias stalked his
people in the dark, eating
the raw flesh from their
bones... one by one,
Aragothias stalked them
in the dark.

None were spared.

Somewhere after that

the body of the Lord of
Covetous gave up, and
only his spirit roamed the
halls, unaware of his own
demise... madness
consumed him and the
spirits and undead forms
of his army slowly
chipped away at the
mountains. Tunnels twisted
and turned, and for
centuries chipping and
chiseling could be heard
coming from within the
rocks. Thus was born the
Dungeon of Covetous.

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In the darkness
Aragothias sat on his
throne of cold stone, had
it been years or seconds?
Days or centuries? He
did not know, the only
certainty was the
darkness which comforted
him... It was in this
darkness that Aragothias
heard a voice:
“Do you want to live?”

The voice was that of
the Demon Phakebrus, and
Aragothias was reborn, a
monster of madness
possessed by a demon...
From behind the scenes
we, the Corps of Kortia
stood watch, and guided
the child Claudia Raym
against the demonic whims
of Aragothias/Phakebrus.
Dragonkin had once last
chance at dissolving the
prophecy of Satih... The
people of Britannia rose
up and destroyed both
Aragothias and Phakebrus.

It was then we took to
the task of removing all
traces of history from
the annals of lore
regarding Aragothias, so
that he will never again
be brought forth into
creation.

Beware the monster of
Aragothias, maddened by
centuries in darkness,
tempered by the flames
of infernalism, and torn
from life twice.

May these scales of
Kortia forever hold the
secrets of Aragothias
from the world.

++ The Corps of Kortia
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*Written in exquisite
handwriting these following
words appear to have
been burned into the back
cover of the tome*